



you are the son of incestuous union.



It's OK to Kill your No1s

# Turpentine

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hey

For those of you who don't know, turpentine was a zine born out of, basically boredom, except it used to be called "corked" yeah whatever.

Just in case you wanted to know, I do realize how cliched it is to be writing about Kurt Cobain.

This movie looks really good, watch the trailer:

[www.apple.com/trailers/independant/mayorofthesunsetstrip.html](http://www.apple.com/trailers/independant/mayorofthesunsetstrip.html)

thanks to emme for telling me about it.

As always, email me if you want to be notified when the next ish comes out, or if you have something you want to submit, or whatnot: [turpentine@comcast.net](mailto:turpentine@comcast.net)  
my website thinger is [www.angelfire.com/zine2/turpentine](http://www.angelfire.com/zine2/turpentine) just in case you wanted to know.

♥ Ilana

**SPEAK OUT (or rather, don't) AGAINST THOSE HOMOPHOBIC BASTARDS CURRENTLY IN OFFICE!!!!**

If everybody had civil rights in America, the government wouldn't be (trying to) ban gay marriage.

show people how pissed off you are about this by observing a DAY OF SILENCE-

Monday, April 24th

"SPREAD THE WORD"



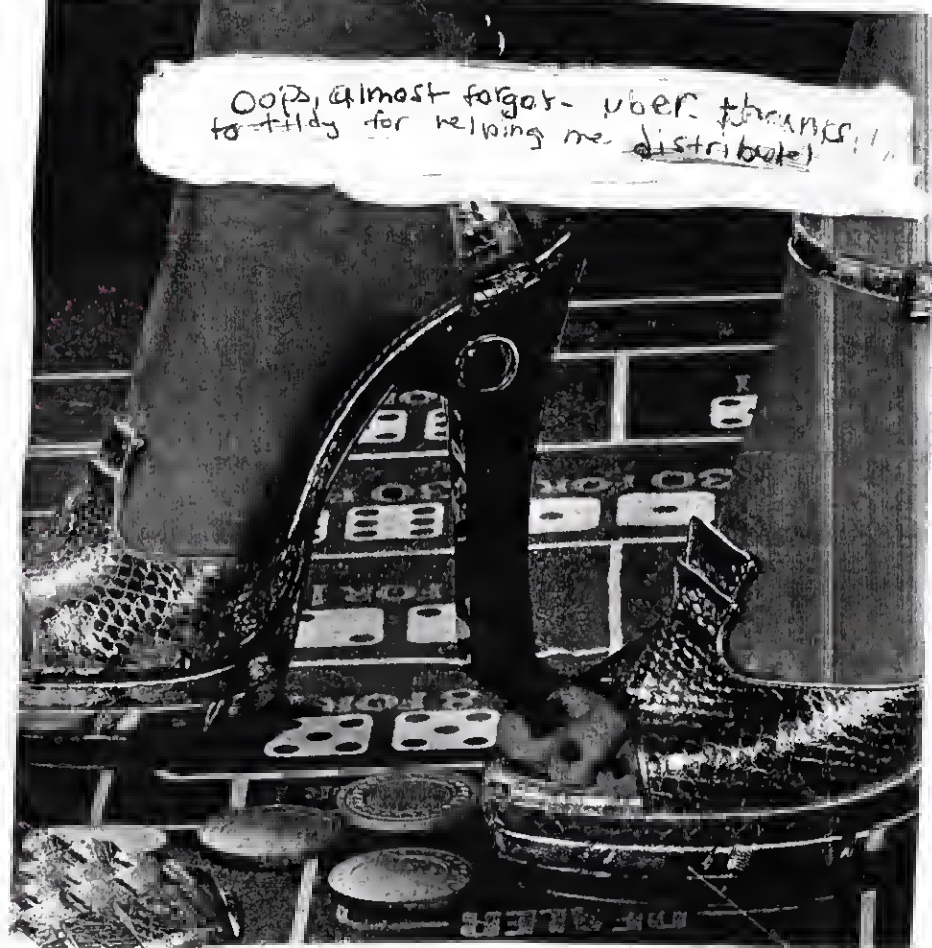
Well, this looks like the end. thankew for reading...

uber thanks to everyone who helped me with this issue and wrote stuff: Emme, Sarah, Mary Elizabeth, my lil brother, and josh. And thank you very much to Heidi for allowing letting me interview her. Twas a pleasure and I hope that you visit Free Range Graphics because they're awesome and hilarious and everything.

Ta for now,  
Ilana



oops, almost forgot- uber thanks to ttdy for helping me distribute!



## A "THE PASSION OF THE CHRIST" RANT

by Josh Epstein

The startling success of Mel Gibson's movie The Passion of the Christ has proved one of my lifelong theories true. Humans like to watch other humans suffer. That's why horror movies do so well. We like to see people get killed in increasingly bloody fashions. We find it as entertainment. We can just get a bag of popcorn and on ice, sit down and watch Jesus get pummeled for over an hour. What else could you want? There's nothing better than seeing constant people flog and whip somebody. It's the American dream. Some say it's because of the hard Christians, but that's just not true. The bottom line is suffering=fun. Fun=joyment. Joyment=happiness. I only wish they could make more movies like this. Maybe have a movie where more people get beaten. The Whip: Anatomy of a beating instrument. Something like that. If it's entertaining to watch Jesus be killed, think of how fun it will be to watch other less religious types get killed! I think Mel Gibson has started a new movie phenomenon. People getting beaten non stop for an hour and a half. Look for more at your next theater. Maybe How to Kill a Guy in 10 Days. Wouldn't you love to see Kote Hudson be beaten constantly by a metal rod? I know I would. And so would America! (plays start spangled banner as American flag drops into background)

I wonder if classical musicians 400 years ago wrote their music knowing that people would play it after they were dead. If that's not the case, then it's possible that in 400 years, at some orchestra hall with an audience wrapped in the fur of marmots and hamsters (the only animals still alive, aside from humans), a conductor will mutter to the orchestra, "Anarchy in the UK, G major", then bring down his/her arms as the cello wails the opening chords.

# KURT COBAIN



February 20th, 1967-April 5th, 1994



There are so many people analyzing Kurt Cobain's life and writing about the great effect he had on culture and youth and how he was a "spokesperson for a generation." I'm not really going to pontificate on that because I'd just feel gross and no one cares anyways. So I'm just going to write about my own "personal Kurt Cobain story". and yeah... this is going to sound cheesy-dumb. but deal with it.



The first time that I'd ever even heard mention of Kurt Cobain was about a year and a half ago (I was about 12... and really stupid...) in the brilliant and hilarious book About a Boy. I was listening to Toad and No Doubt and other stuff I can't remember, but I'd never really become obsessed with music. I'd



heard of Nirvana before but never heard their music, and "Nirvana" just seemed so foreign-like name on a teenager's t-shirt. The name meant nothing to me... it was just kind of a symbol of tragic rock stars and "hip culture" that I knew nothing about. Still, I went online and listened to clips of Nirvana.

A bit later, I went out to buy a CD of this band that I still knew nothing about. The store had two used Nirvana CDs: a ratty copy of *Bleach* and a slightly newer version of *In Utero*. Because *Bleach* was from the (late) 80's and I didn't trust the 80's (synth pop and crappy songs... YEEACH), I picked *In Utero*, with its intriguing collage of mangled fetuses on the back.



DEAR DIARY,

Today I:

1. Consumed Styrofoam Lunch
2. Felt as if a piece of cardboard had been shoved into my brain
3. Conformed with repugnant Joy.
4. Watched a flight attendant with metallic pink lipstick and a crunchy truffle perm.
5. Drank ginger ale that reminded me of an hour in the future and the other way too and yet neither.



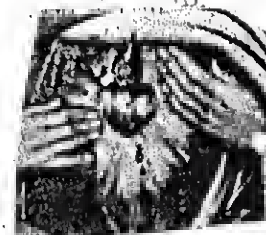
This is a story about cutting up tan plastic barbie dolls and chopping their hair off. This is a story about neon glitter pink rotting, and turning puss yellow. This is a story about listening to Blondie with the window open, sprawled across her bed and feeling ugly and bored. This is a story about pretending to be "Someone thinks you are: dancing alone in your room to Richard Hell even though she feels really stupid. This is a story about hating how much she laughs and wanting to grow her hair out. This is a story about being too bossy and cutting pictures out of magazines.

Ciao! Manhattan - Oh. My. God! Sedgwick, with her childlike innocence and incredible beauty, stars as herself (they give her a different name, "susan") in this trippy 60's movie. Edie's character may be real, but the rest of the movie just kind of flies all over, making not much sense at all. But who says movies have to have plots? The movie "takes place" in California, where Susan is living a slightly psychotic life after her New York Warhol Superstar days. (Part of the movie was filmed in B&W in New York, the other in California, in color. Filming was completed just 3 months before Edie fatally overdosed.) The movie is basically a vehicle for the captivating Edie Sedgwick and as sort of a memoir of that part of 60's culture



this disturbing comic was drawn by my 9 year old (M) brother. I swear...

To this very day, *In Utero* remains one of my favorite and most "emotionally touching" (awwww...) albums of all time. *In utero*, to me, is perfumed sodness and stench and doomed anger and cutting out your heart and soaking it in sugared abortive tea with crushed roses, and cooking it until it becomes hard and black, cutting it up and putting it in a lacy heart shaped box. Sell it or burn it or send it to someone you used to love. *In Utero* is dust and irony and ashes and Frances Farmer and little rooms wallpapered with plastic revenge and spit and dolls and blood and dirty burnt sheets and fire and sleeping for days with your eyes open.



Thus was the birth of my obsession with nirvana. The first time i put *In Utero* into my CD player, the music just completely "filled my head."

Some music makes really great "background" music - good music that doesn't require too much attention.

But for me, nirvana is something that i can curl up to and listen to the shattered-glass voice of kurt cobain.

of their songs are so sarcastic and have a great sense of irony, some are





### 3 FABULOUS MOVIES

crystallized sugar sadness, some pissed-off and unplugged in new york is so inexplicably visceral and emotional and just fucking sad. His voice wasn't just drenched in sadness... it was sadness in a physical form.

Which brings me to The Voice... no one can equal the melodic, blood screams and scratchy, melancholy laments of Kurt Cobain. It's utterly unexplainable.

It's so depressing to think about how miserable he had to have been to shoot himself in the head. I know that the fact that he was famous doesn't give me the right to know everything about him, or criticize him for killing himself- i'm just another fan. but i can't help but mourn the death of someone i never knew. i'm ending my whine here.



"Sappy" is a really good sad/ironic song, (it's one of them rarities) and if you can find it, i suggest it



**School of Rock-** When I first saw the preview for this movie, starring genius Jack Black, I was kind of pissed- it looked just like another money making scheme exploiting this "new punk" and rocknroll craze. But because I love Jack Black so much, I saw it and god it was funny. It didn't even get too sappy! Though the plot itself is pretty funny (slacking rocker as a substitute teacher), the movie would have been incredibly lame without Jack Black. Oh, and the pairing of sweater vests and electric guitar was really sexy.



**The Blue Angel-** Starring unworldly goddess Marlene Dietrich. The fact that this incredible movie was made in the early 30's, and therefore the condition of the film is dark, dusty, and crackly, only intensifies the dark, enchanting, enigmatic, and

slightly disturbing quality of this movie. Lola, a cabaret singer (Marlene Dietrich's deep ethereal voice with its ~~rich~~ German accent is fabbity fab) seduces and marries a strict but gentle professor (Emil Jannings), and so begins his tragic downfall. Emil Jannings is also utterly amazing. (The DVD version is the english version, and it's a bit hard to understand their German accents, but it's ok because it's not a very dialogue-heavy movie.)

Larry flynt antics- yep, he's an asshole pornographer. But reading about larry flynt swearing at Jerry falwell's sleazey lawyer was pretty funny, as is his claim to possess naked pictures of jessica lynch.

silk witch gowns - so slinky and morticia  
without being  
adamsesque. vampy  
mall goth.

"old age"- song by hole. gorgeous "live through this" era song. music was written by kurt cobain and lyrics by courtney love. the lyrics are really poetic and sort of sarcastic. The chords are jangly and overlapping, and what makes this song so incredibly beautiful is the fact that the velvety guitar and courtney's imperfect but melodic crooning melt together to create a ripped lace and dead lilies lullabye sprinkled with black glitter.

**L**emon capris. Strawberry trench coats. Orange sandals. Spring fashion is as fruity as a pack of Starbursts.

Whether your style is prep or ultra feminine, this season is all about color. Pink is as important as ever, and 'bolder' colors like kelly green and yellow are also making a statement.

ment  
"This is not the year to  
wear black," says Mall of  
America fashion expert Sara  
Rogers.

Or no.

I guess I can't wear black th season...

wear black this

fruity colours  
one

But maybe  
next year...

*new shaped box* ♥  
She eyes me like a pisco when I am weak  
I've been locked inside your Heart-Shaped box  
for weeks

I've been drawn into your magnet tar pit trap.  
I wish I could eat your cancer.

## Hey! Wait!

I've got a new complaint

Never in debt to your priceless advice.  
Mentoring.

Cut myself

Broken hymen - c

Throw down the left block

climb right back down your umbilical noose so I can

FRANCES FARMER WILL HAVE HER REVENGE ON SEATTLE THIS FALL, SAYING she is leaving (as soon as you get paid) to get relaxing to hear that you talk that's getting over you & having got some way this something to know & saving got some way I'm getting to go to saving got some way I realize a moment for being got, I'll be I realize a mess, we have got to stay

with us to see if ~~the~~ floats or  
drowning our favorite patient a  
display of patience/patience a  
patient found/still some back cover  
and turn will the floats, and  
a blanket at a float, and

POLLY WANTS A CRACKER  
think I should

Think she wants some water  
to put out the Blow torch  
Isnt me/have a seed

Lyrics

17

I'm on my time with every  
I have very bad posture  
Sit and drink Pennyroyal Tea  
Distill the life that's inside of  
Sit and drink Pennyroyal Tea  
I'm onemick royalty

Give me a Leonard Cohen  
afterworld  
So I can sigh eternally  
I'm so tired I can't sleep  
I'm a liar and a thief  
Sit and drink Pennyroyal Tea  
I'm anemic royalty  
I'm on warm milk and laxative  
Cherry-flavored antacids

22 STEAK-TEST



**+** Jerry Falwell's  
10 questions to ask yourself before  
becoming a fundamentalist

1. Do I believe that Feminists and homosexuals are to blame for September 11th?
2. Am I prepared to label sex as original sin, and therefore evil, despite the fact that without sex, the human race would cease to be, (and if God created you, that includes your dirty parts)?
3. Am I prepared to denounce all other religions?
4. Do I take the Bible literally, so intensely that my sense of reality is desperately skewed, reaching a semi-psychotic state?
5. Do I believe that Homosexual Impulses are caused by Satan?
6. Do I really want to commit soul suicide?
7. Do I regularly use cocaine? (If not, am I prepared to start?)
8. Am I willing to pool all of my income into the Moral Majority cause, even if it means living on the streets?
9. Am I ready to sit atop the religion food chain?
10. Am I prepared to change all of my "WWJD" propaganda into "WWJFD: What would Jerry Falwell do" Propaganda?

Hilton Heights:  
the state of  
being brain-  
dead and having  
zero body fat  
while being kept  
alive by a huge  
trust fund, as in,  
"Is that a  
mannequin, or is  
she in Hilton  
Heights?"

**hey look! It's a hypodermic needle!**  
This clipping is from the New York Times magazine fashion whatsit (that Emma brought back from New York for me to cut up - yay!)  
What's INTERESTING is the fact that although the "zero body fat" comment is said in a negative way, EVERY SINGLE MODEL in the mag is just as fat free as Paris Hilton.



COOL STUFF/REVIEWS



Pom's of Maine honeysuckle baby shampoo- Smells so delicious and light... not at all artificial like. It just feels and smells so gentle and sweet.

BUST magazine- intelligent feminist magazine that doesn't make you feel guilty about liking fashion and wearing lipstick.

The Cure- they mix punk, electronic and pop sensibilities with poetry, resulting in decadent groovy darkness. Plus, they've been around for EVER.

LuLa's- local vintage store. I've found some of the most gorgeous vintage items there- vinyl Go-Go boots, chinese silk cocktail dress, rhineston beaded tafetta skirt... you get the idea. They've got a lot of 50's, 60's, and 70's stuff. Plus the woman who owns it/works there is really friendly and nice. (1587 Selby ave., St. Paul. <www.lulavintage wear.com>)

"Pottymouth" by Pratzmobile- Sassy, pottymouthed riot girl punk, complimented by screechy little girl screamsproclaiming things like "you want to stab me and fuck the wound".

Gummy- awesome bendy cartoon thing.

Ruminator bookstore- HORROR OF HORRORS! this fabulous place may be going out of business!! they're so arty and lovely and sophisticated- they stock a lot of locally made "goods"- zines, music, books, plus lots of smarty pants books, and hard to find magazines. I don't remember their exact address but it's on Grand ave super close to macalester college. (P.s. They sell turpentine)



Randomness and Anxiety  
By Mary Elizabeth

Have you ever had the feeling that someone was watching you? You're merely sitting there and suddenly you can feel these eyes staring at the back of your neck like they want to bore holes there or perhaps see your thoughts through your head. And then you turn to see a stranger or even a friend sitting there staring at you with eyes that are momentarily black pits of damnation. Or perchance at one point when you're home alone you've passed a mirror and at first glance you just see a little blonde girl with braids and icy cold hate-filled blue eyes staring at you but when you look again only your reflection is there, wide eyed and pale skinned with alarm. Who knew images and thoughts could have such a force as to make you imagine some hellish monster at every dark room you pass and twitch dread when you hear some noise akin to that of a murderer quietly climbing the steps to your room to do away with you as they did in the last horror movie you saw. And then you panic at a dark shadow in the night with a glowing red eye that in the morning reveals itself to be a heap of clothes and a shiny bit that reflected the light of your clock. And who knew words could have such power. Like these words that were just going around in my head and I had to write them or I would burst. That's happened to me before. I'd just have this one or two lines of really meaningful poetry in my head and I'd write it out and then I wouldn't be able to think of anything else that didn't suck. Words can fill you up until they are bursting out of your mouth and you have no idea what your'e saying just that you have to. Like that one line "Murder She Wrote." So full of intrigue but how can you write something that can match its fierce title? And why is it so hard to match more words to one sentence of meaning? I never can, and I probably never will. Maybe one day I'll write a book full of one sentence lines of poetry that make no sense. Very likely. I can call it, "Random Sentences She Wrote," and no one but my close friends will buy it cause they're just being nice. Ah yes, the future of a random person, that is mine. Anyways, toodle pip and all that. See you on the flip side of life.

*as you can see, Sarah wasn't able to finish her article, but that's ok.*

An article by Sarah about whatever comes to mind. Because she doesn't quite know yet.. Also, please excuse how wierd rthis pageblooks, and all spelling aerrors. I'M NEW ATBTHIS. SORREH.oops.

I WANT TO HUG  
WHOEVER DECIDED TO  
PUT SPONGEMONKIES  
IN THE QUIZNO'S  
AD.



## FREE RANGE GRAPHICS

Whilst in D.C. a few weeks ago for a school trip, I had the opportunity to meet Heidi Sandstad, who works at the fabbyity, liberal Free Range Graphics. (Heidi's sister, Nora, just so happens to be my social studies teacher.) If you've seen "The Matrix", that was done by Free Range Graphics. With a bit of help from a few of my friends, I did an interview like thing with Heidi. (Note: This is sort of the second interview-the first time I asked her these questions my icky tape recorder wasn't working. Most of it was 'conducted' at a metro stop, and the last two questions were asked at a bowling alley. So thanks, Heidi, for putting up with me twice...) **With no further ado, here is my interview with Heidi Sandstad:**

### Describe Free Range graphics...

Free Range Graphics is a design firm of 10 people that designs exclusively for non-profits and socially relevant organizations, and we do both web and print work.

### What exactly do you do?

I, exactly, do 50% office management, which is answering the phones and sorting things and boring stuff like that, and 50% of actual design work. So, those are generally small design projects that need to be done right away,

### How would you describe the perfect world, politically?

Oh, I like this one... Umm.. the perfect world is where everybody has a job, everybody has healthcare, there's a Democrat president, there's no discrimination against homosexuals, and we all have our civil liberties.

### What is your favorite thing that Free Range Graphics has produced?

Probably the flash movie we just did for the Planned Parenthood march that's coming up in April.

[I got a sneak preview of it... it uber rocks, they spoof Queer eye for the Straight Guy.]

Ok... um, what's your favorite ice cream flavor?  
Pistachio.

[Sloane, one of my friends, walks by and asks:] Where's your boyfriend?

Uh... he's at home... drinking beer cuz it's St. Patrick's Day. Yaayy!!

You can watch Free Range Graphics' movies and the like at their website: [www.freerangegraphics.com](http://www.freerangegraphics.com)



Heidi and me (pic by nora)

and now for something completely different...

What I don't understand about organized religion is how one basic idea can be spiritual to so many people. Sure, there are different religions, and different branches from those religions, and then divisions within those branches. But either way, it all comes back to the same thing. I'm not saying that all religions are the same, but for every branch or division, there are hundreds or thousands or millions of people who are conforming to the same belief. Once I've said I'm a catholic or (ahem) conservative jew, suddenly I've got a list of rules to follow.

I'm not saying that religion doesn't benefit people. It just pisses me off how elite organized religion is in general. Just because I don't believe in your god or any god doesn't mean that I just haven't found spirituality. I don't want to waste half of my life going through the motions of something I

don't believe in.

everytime my parents tell one of their friends that I'm an "atheist" ("yep, my daughter isn't one of us. but it's ok, because I think if we keep showing religion down her throat, she'll come to and thank us.") they nod their head and think, "it's ok, she's going through a phase." Then they smile and walk away. Right. You still know nothing about me. The thing is that it's never as simple as just "being an atheist." I fully realize that being labelled as an "atheist" makes me sound like a lame, boring cliched teen who's rebelling for the sake of rebelling. Maybe I am, but at least I'd like to be taken seriously enough that my parents actually let me think for myself in terms of religion. People don't want to sit down and listen to other people's complex beliefs... It's just so simple to put people in boxes: christian, jew, wiccan, muslim, atheist. Religion is very lazy in that sense: it's so square and perfect... we wouldn't want anybody messing up our neat little lines would we now?

Ever since I've been little my parents have been enforcing religion upon me. I definitely swallowed it up and was all into being jewish for a few years- third grade and a few years after that. Actually, it was hard for me not to be into religion since I went to go to a jewish school. I don't really remember the point at which I decided that it had no meaning to me. I think that you pretty much believe most of what you're told until a certain age. That's why I think most little kids can't be spiritual: because you're just following your parents. Being jewish was never about believing in god or whatever- it's all about going through the motions. I mean, Jesus fucking Christ, we prayed almost every goddamn day at that school, but no one besides the teachers were actually PRAYING. You just do what the teachers tell you to do. It's brainwashing. No 4 year old is going to experience the theological stimulation that her parents are feeling when they pray but she's gotta go along with them anyways. I mean, you may find spirituality in something but your child is not you. If you wouldn't expect your kid to wear the same clothes as you or have the same job or same type of friends, then why are you so concerned with your offspring being the same religion as you? Religion for kids is like training them to be like you. It's pretty patronizing to be told that you've not old enough to have beliefs yet. here ends my rant on religion. ta.